Dangerous Endeavours

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Dangerous Endeavours

by HANNIBRAT (moderndaylestat)

Summary

Young medical student Hannibal finds himself in a rather tricky situation when police officer Graham discovers his less-than-ethical hobbies. With no other way to get out of trouble, Hannibal turns to the power of seduction...

Notes

This is basically a little PWP ficlet that I wrote for the 'handcuffs' prompt in this year's Kinktober. Since it's set in the same universe as my fic 'High Steaks', I decided to put these two into a series together. You will see where this fic fits in terms of the High Steaks timeline once you read it. Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

The sound of someone clearing their throat catches Hannibal's attention. He looks up from the medical charts of his patients to see a young man standing in the open doorway of his office. The man has curly brown hair and captivating blue eyes, and he's dressed in a black police uniform.

"Mr. Lecter, do you have a minute?"

"Of course. What can I do for you?"

"My name is officer Graham and I'm here to ask you a few questions," the man tells him. There is an admirable amount of authority to his voice and confidence to his posture given his age, which can't be more than 25.

"I'm investigating the recent cases of organ harvesting. I'm sure you've heard about them," officer Graham continues.

Hannibal has. There's been lots of talk about the mysterious organ harvester at the hospital he's interning for. In the past month, several people have disappeared and later been found with clumsily patched-up surgical lacerations and missing organs. Hannibal is more experienced in organ extraction than his status as a medical student would suggest, so he could never be careless like this guy. Hannibal takes his trophies from the freshly-deceased patients at the hospital after the final autopsy has been completed, so that no one finds out about the missing livers and kidneys. And unlike this organ harvester, Hannibal doesn't sell the offals on the black market. He has much better ways to use them.

"Sure, go ahead," Hannibal offers, giving Graham a polite and friendly smile. "Though I'm afraid I won't be much help."

"You'd be surprised."

Graham pulls the door to Hannibal's office shut, and it locks with a soft click. Despite his wary demeanour, he looks unfairly handsome. The fitted uniform accentuates Graham's toned body, leaving nothing to Hannibal's imagination. And the handcuffs dangling from his belt don't help matters at all. Hannibal licks his lips.

"The person we're looking for is an opportunist with some surgical experience. Likely a medical student." Graham doesn't say the next part out loud, but Hannibal still hears it loud and clear:

You fit the profile.

Hannibal crosses his arms and squares his shoulders, his previous friendly attitude fading rapidly.

"What exactly are you implying, officer?"

Graham's eyes burn into Hannibal's, gaze unwavering. "Nothing so far. Mind if I look around?"

Hannibal gives a curt nod, doing everything he can to hide just how uncomfortable this is making him. Graham walks into the middle of the room, sharp eyes taking in every little detail. Not even a minute later, he zeroes in on the cooler bag in the corner.

“What’s this?”

“It’s for my lunch,” Hannibal explains with a casual shrug. “The commute from my place is quite long and I need to keep the food cool.”

Hannibal knows he’s a good liar, so it’s not his words or body language that he’s worried about right now. He draws in a tense breath as Graham slowly opens the cooler.

As soon as the man sees the contents – two human kidneys on a bed of ice – his eyes narrow and he immediately takes a few steps away from Hannibal and the cooler. Graham’s hand quickly goes for the radio, to let his co-workers know he’s found the guy.

Hannibal needs to act fast.

There is nothing within his reach that could be used as a weapon, and even there was, they are in public and Graham has a gun. Hannibal sees no way out of this other than resorting to the natural weapon he’s been born with; a pretty face and a slender, lithe body. In combination with his skill of seduction and an incredible amount of luck, Hannibal may just be able to make this work.

“No, hold on,” he rushes to tell Graham before the man has the chance to call for backup. “I’m sure we can come to an agreement.”

Hannibal takes one encouraging breath, and then he’s off his chair, sliding closer to Graham and batting his eyelashes in the way he knows gets most men going. He just has to hope Graham is not unlike most men.

Visibly surprised, Graham takes a step back until he’s stopped by the wall behind him.

“No. You’re under arrest,” he insists sharply.

Graham’s words are stern and his body tense, but something else starts creeping into the mix. Hannibal’s tantalizing flirtation is like a predator, and it may just have found its next prey.

“If anything I say will be held against me, then I’m saying your name, officer Graham,” Hannibal purrs.

Slowly, his hand comes up and smooths down Graham’s chest, greeting the refined musculature under the thin black uniform. The man’s breath hitches at the contact, and from up close, Hannibal can smell the first flowers of arousal blooming inside him. Graham averts his eyes and bites his lip, but doesn’t shy away from the contact. The internal conflict is practically written all over his face; the fight between doing what he should do, and doing what he *wants* to do.

“You can’t just –”, Graham tries to protest, trailing off when he can’t immediately find a good reason why Hannibal *couldn’t* try to use his youthful masculine charm to get out of trouble.

Because Hannibal *can*. And he *does*.

He sinks to his knees in front of the other man, hands trailing down Graham's thighs.

"You can handcuff me if you like, all I ask is a few moments alone with you," Hannibal whispers. He deliberately brings his mouth close to Graham's crotch, where the fabric of the pants is tenting visibly.

The suggestive timbre of Hannibal's voice flips the switch in Graham. He lunges at Hannibal with a growl, shoving him roughly onto the desk. Hannibal grunts as his cheek comes in contact with the hospital notes spread on the desk and he instinctively recoils, but Graham's hand presses firmly between his shoulder blades, forcing him to stay down. The next thing Hannibal knows is his hands being seized and handcuffed behind his back.

"Filthy lowlife," Graham snarls, as if he's repulsed by Hannibal's mere presence.

However, his actions convey the complete opposite message.

In a few swift moves, Graham pulls Hannibal's pants and underwear down to his ankles, giving his ass a good smack in the process. A shaky exhale escapes from Hannibal's lips at that, and his cock twitches enthusiastically. He turns his head to see Graham spit on his hand and then unceremoniously shove two fingers inside Hannibal. It's rough and unrefined, and yet exactly what Hannibal expected. He twists his hands to test his bonds, earning another sharp slap on his ass from the other man.

"Stay still."

Hannibal obeys, and soon, the fingers are replaced with Graham's cock. A few drops of pain are added to the sweet pool of pleasure, making Hannibal shiver and squirm. He's thankful that Graham locked the door before they began.

There is nothing slow or gentle about the way he handles Hannibal. The entire desk shakes with the force of Graham's thrusts, and Hannibal can't help but moan every time the man slams into him. There is a certain wicked charm in what they're doing; two men with completely opposite moralities and worldviews, unable to fight the mutual and maddening pull of attraction. Hannibal whines softly, expressing his displeasure at the fact he can't touch Graham. If his hands were free, they would be ripping off the officer's clothes and messing up his gorgeous hair. Not only that, but leaving scratch marks and bruises in their wake. Because under the harmless exterior of a medical student, Hannibal is a monster. And he will leave his mark on everyone and everything he touches.

As much as Hannibal wants to be free of his restraints, he also finds himself fascinated by the handcuffs. The way the metal digs into his wrists and restricts his movements makes him feel *dangerous*. So dangerous that the only way to contain him is with metal and chains.

Hannibal doesn't want to go to prison, but he wants to be known for his crimes. To be feared. To be admired.

The thought of it makes his cock harden even further, straining uncomfortably against his stomach now. Hannibal resorts to rubbing his crotch against the desk to relieve the pressure. The obscene slapping of flesh against flesh echoes in the small office as Graham's hips hit Hannibal's ass with an unforgiving pace. It's not nice and it's not kind, yet Hannibal enjoys it more than he anticipated. The knowledge that he's successfully seduced the good law-abiding officer and arranged himself a "get out of jail free card" fills Hannibal with an exhilarating sense of pride and accomplishment. The satisfaction mixes with his arousal, sending him closer to the peak.

When Graham grabs the little chain between the two cuffs and *pulls*, it pushes Hannibal over the edge. His back arches as he comes, staining the patient notes with his release. Graham isn't far behind. He thrusts a few more times, then buries himself in Hannibal as far as he can and fills him up with a low-pitched grunt.

Hannibal holds his upper body an inch above the table to avoid getting his clothes stained as he catches his breath. Meanwhile, Graham swiftly pulls out and zips his pants back up. He straightens and undoes the handcuffs, tucking them into the loop on his belt. Hannibal rubs his tense wrists and silently wonders if this is really all it takes to persuade Graham to let him go.

"Am I free to go, officer?" he asks then, pulling a demure and hopeful expression onto his face.

Graham's mouth melts into a smug grin.

"You're free to go if you cook me dinner." His eyes flit towards the cooler bag. "Looks like we're having kidney beans… without the 'beans' part."

Hannibal can't help but laugh. It doesn't matter, because Will has chosen to drop the act already.

"That's the plan."

Hannibal finishes dressing and presses a kiss to his boyfriend's lips. The roleplay was his idea initially, and he's immensely glad that Will agreed to play along and indulge him. It's the first time they tried something like this, using Will's real uniform and handcuffs and Hannibal's actual office at the hospital. Considering all the ways in which things could have gone unexpectedly wrong in a semi-public setting like this, Hannibal is deeply pleased that the scene worked out exactly how they wanted it to.

"Round two after dinner tonight?" Will enquires, the insatiable thing.

Hannibal is truly blessed to have a boyfriend whose libido and kinky exhibitionistic tendencies are as big as his own. He licks his lips and flashes Will a mischievous smile.

"As long as you bring the cuffs."

"Oh, you know it."

End Notes

... aaaaand they were roommates! Aaaaand the whole thing was roleplay!
Did you predict this plot twist? Let me know in the comments!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!